



OUR WOMAN'S PAGE.

SOME FASHIONABLE DUST CLOAKS AND DRIVING WRAPS.

THE NEW, LARGE HAT PAD

Long and Square Lace Veils—Garden Party Gowns Absorb Interest—Crochet Lace as a Dress Trimming—Various Notes.

(For the Dispatch.)

Now that the automobile is the fad of the hour among fashionable women, a dust cloak has become a necessity. French and English women have long considered them so, but Americans have hesitated to cover up attractive toilettes with garments which they looked upon as extinguishers. They need not be so, as a charming model I was shown a few days ago will prove. It was long, reaching to the foot of the gown, and made of a coarse kind of yak lace, lined with very thin Nile green silk. It was shaped to the shoulders at the top and set into a modest collar of handsome embroidery. There were loose coat sleeves, which left the arms free to manage the automobile. This cloak was intended for ordinary carriage wear, also. For regular driving wraps there are cloths of very light colors, as, for instance, the exact reproduction of the banana tint, lavender, gray, delicate blues. These serve for sacque coats, capes, and the long-driving coats, but after all nothing is so a la mode as pure white cloth. There are many varieties of capes which are made to throw on as required. Some fit the shoulders closely, and flow out in folds below, but are shorter in front than at the back; the more expensive are trimmed with appliques of a contrasting material—satin, or moire, or velvet. If the cape is a bold, large pattern it shows best fastened at the side. Such wraps are generally lined with white satin, but they have colored frillings inside, in harmony with the exterior, and any collar that is upright is trimmed with a great deal of lace.

I have written frequently of hats in the last few weeks, because new models, showing the shapes to be worn this autumn and winter, have been coming out in droves, of course. That many of these are large you have already seen.

told. The directoire promises to be much worn. They are of all sizes, and, consequently, can be becomingly worn by nearly all women. The larger ones are only for the young and fair. One variety of this shape has a crown veil with white net and shaped like a jockey's cap. The edge of its high, open brim is edged with several rows of colored beads. With this hat comes a long, white lace veil, which is gathered around the crown and worn on one side, or over the face. Veils like this, consisting of about a yard of black net, spotted, were worn thirty-five years ago, and very becoming they were. They were, so I am told, far more so than the ones now seen which are so tightly strained over the face as to leave nothing to the imagination.

Old, square lace veils are coming in again. The veil, as I have already told



A chic hemstitched silk bow with fine capes daintily introduced, and the knot caught by a tiny buckle.

you, has been almost entirely discarded this season, owing, no doubt, to the size of the hats. With cooler weather, and winter winds they will be again a necessity, but changed in form and size as I described.

The brims of nearly all this new headgear seem to be supported or ornamented from beneath with a wealth of roses, and while the Trilby hat spreads out, it is flat at the top. The empire has a high crown, with very uncertain brims, and no two seem to be alike. All these headgears require a great deal of putting on. A comic writer is quite right, as he usually is. He describes a woman as asking if her bonnet were on one side, and, being assured that it was not, hurrying away to make it so, otherwise it would not be up to date.

Garden party gowns are just now the

absorbing interest in the world of fashion, and soft Roman satin is the latest material for these. It sounds absurd, does it not, to wear white satin in the day time, out of doors, on lawns, and among the flowers? I have seen an exquisite gown of the same with tiny frills of cream point de spirit, run at the edge with black ribbon, on the skirt. The bodice had a rounded yoke of transparent guipure lace; this was in a rich ivory shade, the waist-band being of pale green crepe de chine with a tulle hat of the same shade. I saw a beautiful model in a raised design of jet on applique lace, but this was over black, and I suppose it was for mourning, though it was relieved by white tuckings of the very finest batiste at the neck. All dead black has been more in favor than black and white this year.

Another pretty gown suitable for a garden party, or almost any other occasion, was of blue and white satin foulard, the skirt plain, save for four-minute frills of dark-blue silk at the base, each headed by the tiniest of cream lace insertions; the bodice had lace revers, and the vest of pale blue, was covered with an open fancy hem of stitched lawn. The sleeves were elbow length, and had lace ruffles. These elbow sleeves have had much to do with the present fashion of wearing braces, for beauty undressed is decidedly de mode at present.

There has been a great feeling during

shades. The more useful handles are of gun-metal. A great deal of silk croquet, white or ecru, is employed for the top of silk combinations and vests, and forms the fashionable oblong collars and yokes to many dresses. Many of the skirts have each breadth united by narrow croquet stitches, and some of the capes are divided into segments in the same way and have frillings with croquet a four above the hem; neither dress nor trouble are ever for a moment thought of, and the needlework required for a fashionable dress is almost incredible. A pretty princess gown, made in this violet, was trimmed about the skirt with elegant insertions of croquet lace, which formed points that reached to the knees, silk fringe, with a croquet heading bordering the hem. It looked very pretty, but, alas! fringe at its foot is uncomfortable wear; it is apt to catch up all the dirt and bits of leaves and twigs.

Among the list of "don'ts" in the book of fashion just now should be written, "Don't wear crepe de chine blouses with a real lace yoke in combination with a white cotton skirt; and don't wear an ordinary masculine white sailor hat with a black ribbon 'round it, with a tawny lace or foulard gown. You should always in fashion preserve the congruous, and mate like unto like." By which I don't mean to say that all bodies should match their skirts and all hats should follow in suite; merely that the extremely decorative bodice should have the privilege of accompanying the skirt of worthy detail, one of at least a silken lining.

A Refuge from Poverty.

Following is an article written by John Habington for the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, on the subject, "Small Farming a Refuge from Poverty."

While we Americans are valiantly endeavoring to out-trade and out-manufacture all the other nations of the earth, there is danger that we are losing proficiency in the most important of the arts, which is that of extracting subsistence from the soil. We shall never lack farmers who will sow, reap, and graze, and thus produce grain and meat for those who can buy, but their methods differ entirely from those men who in spare hours get partial or entire livelihood from the bits of ground about their homes.

In earlier days almost all Americans, the mechanic, the shopkeeper, and the professional man alike, regarded the home garden as part of their business capital, and as assurance against starvation in times of business depression and enforced idleness. Excuses were sometimes made for the blacksmith who forged a clumsy plowshare, or the minister who preached a poor sermon, for not every man can be perfect at his own trade, but every

The Latest Poke Bonnet.



This coarse straw poke is lined with gathered monseleine and tied with strings of spotted monseleine.

cessive crops near the grumblers, and will have a surplus to sell.

Not all Americans who are not farmers can expect to live by manufacture and trade, for we are already prepared to make and sell about twice as much as our own people can buy. We shall get our full share of foreign trade, but the purchasing power of the foreigner is not unlimited, and we are not the only people who have designs upon his pocket. Sooner or later many of the half-starved, half-imprisoned people of the large cities will be obliged to go back to the soil for their living. There will be no lack of soil, for

THE MISSION OF A ROSE—A Chic Midsummer Hat.

(Boston Post.)

There it stood in a beautiful vase on a small ebony stand in the front window of the drawing room.

The satin draperies swept down on either side of it, and all around glittered rare and costly bric-a-brac, yet that rose was the fairest of them all.

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclining on a couch and intently engaged with a book lay what seemed, indeed, to be the living counterpart of the rose. The fair face so full of thoughtfulness, and the expression of the beautiful mouth seemed like the picture in a dream. "Helen! Helen!" called a musical voice in an impatient tone. "What are you going to do with your pet rose when you go to New York? I'm sure I can't take care of it for you." "Make yourself easy about that," said Helen. "I have found an asylum for my rose." "O, who is to have it, you have so few intimate friends here?" "Well, Ethel, you remember the little pale-faced girl to whom we give sewing?" "What? Mary Seaverns? What an idea! What can people in her circumstances want of flowers?"

"For just the same reason as I do," said Helen. "Have you never noticed how wistfully Mary always looks at the opening buds?"

"Yes, but Helen, just think of that rose on a table with ham, cheese, and bread, and stuffed in the little, close room where Mrs. Seaverns washes and irons?"

"Well, Ethel, if I was obliged to live in such a room I think a beautiful rose would make me happy."

"O, Helen, you are too sentimental. Poor people have no time for sentiment. You will see, Ethel, that my pet rose will be just as happy in Mrs. Seaverns' kitchen as in our parlor. I do not suppose roses ever inquire if their owner is rich or poor. I wish you could have seen how happy Mary seemed when I offered her my rose."

"Well, Helen, that may be true, but I never thought of it before. In fact, I never thought those poor people had any idea of beauty, and I never before thought of giving to the poor anything but what they really needed."

In a day or two Helen carried the beautiful rose to its new home. It was placed in a small room on a stand near the only window. As she came into the room a pale, sickly-looking woman was leaning back in her chair.

"See, mother, what Miss Helen has brought us, her beautiful rose tree; there's one in full bloom, and two buds." "Her mother's face brightened, as she said: "How kind Miss Helen is." "Yes," said Mary. "She has given us so many things, yet this seems to be the best of all."

But little did Helen realize when she gave the rose to Mary of the invisible thread which was twined around it.

One day in spring a gentleman called at the humble home of Mrs. Seaverns on an errand, and his eye rested on the beautiful rose, and he stopped up to it admiringly. "That was given to us," said Mary. "By a young lady as sweet and as beautiful as that."

"And how came she to give it to you?" said the stranger.

"O, because we are poor," said Mary. "and do not have many pretty things, as Miss Helen gave me that." "Helen," said the stranger. "May I ask her other name?"

"Yes," exclaimed Mary. "Helen Pearson." "Is she here now?" asked the gentleman, eagerly. "No," said Mary, "but you can find out all about her by inquiring at her aunt's house, Mrs. Montague, No. 8—street."

As a result of this, Helen received a letter in a well-known handwriting. During a number of years spent abroad she had well learned the writing, and had loved the writer, but there had been a sad separation, and she had believed her lover dead, but his letter told her that he still lived and loved her dearly, and the rose had accomplished its mission.



This yellow straw hat shows the favorite trimming of the moment, pink roses and black velvet.

A Green Rose. (Sir Edwin Arnold in the London Telegraph.)

In the spacious and shady garden of a relative, not far from Meopham, I have seen this week a bush of green roses. The buds and blossoms, be it understood, were not merely greenish, nor striped or variegated with green, but perfect green roses in shape and make, with calyx, corolla, petals—everything all alike—of a bright, vivid color, exactly resembling that of the ordinary green leaf of the rosebush. Some of the blossoms were of the ordinary size, and fashioned like a tearose, or small Gloire de Dijon, and many among them were most symmetrically formed and fragrant. Perhaps since I have the honor of the friendship of the Dean of Rochester, and know his most delightful books about roses, I ought not to have been so astonished at a green rose. Dean Hole is sure to have written something wise and learned about this particular variety of nature, which I may have forgotten; but, certainly, the great, bold rosebush at Meopham, with its score or more of grass-green flowers, was at the time a true surprise. There exhaled a faint perfume of briar from these emerald-colored monstrances—but what could possibly induce the Queen of the Garden thus to abdicate her lovely colors and splendid traditions and look like a tuft of grass or a button of St. John's wort? After that hush, I, at least, am quite prepared to hear of blue roses and pink roses without incredulity.

AN 1815 REVIVAL.

The Stunning Directoire Shape to Be Worn Later in Felt.



The latest hats are all large and almost invariably becoming. The favorite shape is the Directoire, the revival of a Louis XVIII. fashion. These shapes come now in fine straws, the flaring brims faced with shirred mousseline and filled in against the hair with wreaths of roses, and in some cases with only a band and bow of black ribbon velvet. Sometimes they are tied with white or black tulle strings. The outside trimming is very simple, consisting often of two or three straps of ribbon velvet around the small high crown and two tips; or two tulle rosettes one above the other. These hats must not be worn with the hair dressed as a pompadour.

this latter part of the season for red dresses, sometimes without any admixture, but often spotted with white and trimmed with broad insertions of black lace. Lace insertions are greatly employed, carried over each shoulder, and down the centre of the back, and on either side of the puffed front, showing a white muslin waistcoat inside. Broad insertions of lace are let in perpendicular stripes from the waist to the hem of the skirt and figure again in the yokes and ensembles, the sleeves matching the rest of the dress.

Not a woman of fashion now would dream of wearing a parasol without a flow or a rosette of some sort 'round the handle, and it is rather in handies than on any other point in these protections from rain and sun that fashion asserts itself. The parasols of to-day are so large that they have affected the sale of en-tous-cas, but a few still remain, and they and the umbrellas often display handles of exactly the same color as the silk, handsomely mounted. Malachite, lapis-lazuli, and amethyst are in great demand for green, blue, and violet sun-

man was expected to know how to dig, plant, and cultivate an acre or two of ground, and to "raise" enough on his place to keep the wolf from the door until times become better. The yield of single acres of hand-tied ground in the earlier days was often enormous, and was the precursor of the "high farming" of the modern market gardener, who often clears as much profit from a single acre as the western farmer gets from forty times as much land.

The 15,000,000 Americans who live in cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants, and in houses owned by other men, cannot be expected to mind their own business, but neglect of the soil and its possibilities are noticeable in thousands of villages and manufacturing towns. At any lounging place may be found idlers who complain that there is no land left for the poor man, mean while, the ground about the complainer's own home goes untended. This is not for lack of suggestion, for the occasional German, Swede, or other immigrant from Europe will be planting for several suc-

outside the limits of the cities there are only twenty Americans to the square mile of territory, or one to about thirty acres, and although perhaps a quarter of the acres are too bad to till, the remainder could busy ten times as many people as there are now in the United States. In older lands than ours, where men have learned to work the soil for all it is worth, an acre of ground yields support for one person for a year. It does not provide silk dresses, opera boxes, and the best cigars, but the same may be said of millions of industrious efforts in the trades and professions.

In a land where every one is urged to scramble for the top there should be some safe dropping place for the millions who are tumbled outward and downward in the struggle. The only possible one, except the poor-house, is the soil; this, if treated with a fraction of the energy and intelligence we Americans dissipate royally on anything that promises a fortune, will save countless families from the fear that leads through despair to destruction.

A Regatta Toilette.



This gown of plain and figured blue alpaca is trimmed with white braid, and has a collar and pleated chemise of white alpaca.

Black Satin and Pink Mousseline de Soie.



The backs of our gowns are now receiving much attention. This one shows this feature and another novelty, which is, of course, a revival, the basque. This one of black satin, overlaid with guipure, has sleeves, and a centre front and back of pleated mousseline; strappings of black ribbon velvet decorate the back. The front is in a low corsagelet above.